

YEMBERZAL

a yearning in spring

Rajendra Nehru
Admiral
Sgt. To
Mangrove

AN ANTHOLOGY

Ranjan Nehru

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PREFACE

The poems included in this anthology are intended to pick up a steady and a consistent theme from among a few figuring in the beginning which are in the nature of reminiscent impressions from the bygone years. These reflections in human desperations finally long for a promise of a latent assurance and a probable redemption. The finale is called when, hands high and arms down, willingly walking over the equipments of sight and sounds, we move into the shepherd valley, the promised land, growing at dawn and dying at dusk.

'Three Prosaic Intrusions' demand a separate view and, all the same, are appendages of this anthology.

I would like to thank my friends who have helped me to bring out this compilation.

RANJAN NEHRU

Srinagar

PREFACE

The poems included in this anthology are intended to pick up a steady and consistent theme from among a few features in the beginning which are in the nature of reminiscences and impressions from the bygone years. These recollections in human desperation finally long for a promise of a future assurance and a probable redemption. The theme is called upon, hands high and arms down, willingly waiting over the equipment of sight and sound, we move into the all open valley, the promised land, growing it down and being at last.

These poems illustrate a certain view and all the same, are appendages of the anthology.

I would like to thank my friends who have helped me to bring out this compilation.

RAGDAN MEHRA

*Dedicated to the Poetess Lal Ded,
To her memory,
To all those mystics
Who,
Like the valley they lived in,
Have and will inspire.*

Dedicated to the Father of the Nation
To his memory,
To all those martyrs
Who,
Like the valley they lived in,
Have and will inspire.

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Prologue

Will we ever know,
Shall we ever say,
Shall we always endlessly write?
These are just questions,
Questions that don't have to have an answer.
Yes, we shall eternally write,
Perennially hope,
And be the men we are meant to be.

Poetry

Poetry

You are the tune
Two lovers hum
When they are one
Hand around hand,
When the rain drizzles at a faster pace,
When walking down the desolate street,
When at well past the midnight
The wind is echoing
Somewhere around.

That your hairlock
Coiled on my shoulder,
Your eyes just a shade around
And my hands holding you
Whispering the tune of your magic song.
Entangled in the tentacles of our arms
We left our stations,
Exchanged places,
And asked
'Are we where we thought we were?'

We both did see the fairies come
With a message from our forgotten home,
We waved like children to an aeroplane
We waved and waved
Till it left only a drone
Filtering through the rain-drops
Of a lonesome night.

When it was well past midnight
And the wind echoed somewhere around,
When walking down the desolate street,
When the rain drizzled at a faster pace,
We flowed like sails
On a heaving sea
And your hair-lock
Furled like a banner on the mast
And the wind that filled our sails
Was the wind of our humming song.

Memoirs

I left collecting stamps,
Starting collecting kisses.
It's pure hard work, pure patience.
A kiss here, a kiss there. —
Like a detective I followed
Every fleeting kiss,
Every weather-beaten lip,
Every scorched cheek.

My kisses paddled every inch
In the lake of her eyes,
These fugitives,
They slinked into every bower of her flesh.

Kiss collection is hard.
It's pure patience, pure hard work.

I've not even left the left-overs,
Even a scrap was a relic,
Even a shadow was a souvenir.
Every kiss was stored, processed and preserved.

And so,
My kiss-album is rich to-day.
Kisses are not just kisses,
They speak stories.
Kisses are pincers,
They pick up the seeds of what you are.
Kisses are tuners,
They sing your songs for you.

Lamp-post

You left me with venom in my veins.
Turning epileptic, biting floor in the corner:
These are symptoms of a bloodless consumption.

With wind brushing you near a heaving sea
I am left with leper-fists,
Wiping the sand out of my eyes,
Wiping the stains of your scorching glare.

Meet me on a rainy day
When the sky is black and the sun is dead.
I will weave you a canopy
Out of the strips of this flesh.

You can walk ahead
But even a pedestrian glance will do.
I can look on the lane you took
And see you fade like a dot.

Meet me on a day when I am not
And I will be the lamp-post there.
You can walk past and I will just stand
Wiping the sand out of my eyes.

Voyage

I will eat you at midnight.
At midnight we will sharpen swords,
Dip our arrows in hemlock
And sweep dust into corners,
Plant dead seeds in broken jars
And sing drowsy echoes
Fading like pigeons in the horizon.
At midnight we shall whisper secrets,
Sharpen canines and dig pits
And sleep-walk into mountains beyond that range.
In darkness like lost mariners,
In eyes like wavering shadows,
We will retreat from the noisy sea
And dissolve our colours in the black air.

At dawn, with sun stabbing the rust-clogged hinges,
We shall let open the halting doors,
With sun kissing our slave veins
Till we draw away—
Each to dress the undressed,
Till we avert glances and retrogress in human shame,
Till we retire like different beasts
Into different grottos.

And we will revive
To forge faces into iced cakes,
Digging tunnels in sand dunes,
Till we forget last night
like a last night's dream.



Love, let us put things in their proper order,
Put the right kisses in the right shelves,
And love,
Safe in the cupboard there.

Now, let us see what the breasts have to offer:
They could be squeezed like lemons,
Humbled like ship-wrecked ambitions,
Punished like wayward children
Until you shriek like a siren
Only to indicate,
'The toy is all mine.'

Your salvaged country sandwiched
Between the barricade of my thighs
Shall proclaim the independence of a new state.
Love is a theory which cannot be put into practice,
Catering to your immediate needs
Is the politics of a welfare-state.

Love is the opiate of the poets,
The scum of the country liquor,
Love is only a decent way of taking you to bed.

And so, Love
Let us get on to business then. —
'I love you'
At the apogee of our mutual thirst.
'I love you'
At the blindspot of my declaration.
'I love you'
Without loving you.

Of dogs and men

Ghalib was drunk,
Dead drunk;
A dog of her street.

He licked the dust under her window,
Even the contraceptives that her last night's
lover used.

Ghalib pleaded with ghazals
And she thought of
Vermins clinging on her breast.

Ghalib was dead drunk,
Dumped like a lump near a gutter.
Her saner love died of syphilis,
His bones are rotting under his grave.

Ghalib was better a raving dog:
He is still licking the dust of her street.



Doctor,
I see skeletons walking down the street,
Skeletons slamming doors,
Skeletons boarding buses.

Doctor,
I see only ribs
Where breasts are.

Doctor,
Prescription, please,
I am flesh-blind.

We shall climb on to a mountain top,
See ourselves parading like ants,
Shall we,
Or shall we not?
Shall we abandon the stage
While we play the scene,
Do I go to the balcony,
Watch my role
And try
Discern the shadow from the form?
Shall we,
Or shall we not?

I say,
I love you and you alone
Knowing well enough
You are not the only woman I could.
You took me
As a matter of procedure,
We took each other
Pretending that we knew
Each other's system.

★
Shall we stop this unweaving,
Shall we stop this strip-tease
Or demolish the phantasm
In which we live
And see ourselves
As the lost creatures of a lost world?
Shall we,
Or shall we not?
Doctor, I am flesh-blind
Prescription, please!



Between me and she
Communications tinkled
Through a hollow tube
Placed
Ear to ear
Between me and she
To the exclusion of
Him and he and she and she.
I stood my station and she stood hers.
This is meaningful. Yes.

But excuse me, he said.
Only a moment, please.

But can't you see
The line is busy
Between me and she.
Stay where you stood
Amongst him and he and she and she.
What is your metal, anyway?

Mine is copper, he said.
But a tube anyway,
Not the polished brass
Placed ear to ear
Between you and she,
Not as resonant, not as hard
But a metal anyway.

★ ★ ★

With one end
Against my ear
And the other looking forward
To share the meaningfulness
The metal, the tube and the tinkle
Knowing
Different stations are just the same
In the dust of the mind,
In the crust of the earth.

August, Srinagar, 1980

Somewhere,
In the records of ancient times
An entry —
The inscription scribbled
In the backlog of the past
Epochs ago
Under the debris
Of a fallen time.

Worn-out shadows of ancient souls
Murmuring through the centuries of dust.
Dust, the only remnant,
Dust, the eventual arrival
Of the to-morrows of Time,
Dust, a sad end of our aspirations,
Dust, the unifying factor,
The eternal death
Of the final conflict
Between
What its and
What ceases to be.
Dust, the final retreat
From the present order,
Dust, the futile defiance
Against the factness of space,
Dust, the only trail
Of the receding Movement,
The only fact
The life could live.
Dust the mystic song.

But for the present, here
Where ants array
And the bees swarm,
Brooms tend to sweep dust off tables.
Dust to make room
For dust to settle again.

The fury of movement,
The frantic limbs of action
The uproar of violence,
The kingdom and the conquest,
All receding
Into dust
The eternal form.

The canard is torn
Life is shred into pieces
And into ash thou art born again
As of ever.

You carry on, but may I have please...

Birth-place, native soil, and
My dear ones:
These are a few myths
I am going to explode.

We don't belong to places
Nor people.
No one is any one's.

This I say
Not out of desperation,
Nor out of rejection or betrayal
But out of a passion
To grow out of precincts and domains,
Out of fences and walls,
Into a free country,
Into meadows and the wild shrubs.

When I know
I can be the boy
Who bunked school on a sunny morning,
Walked it alone to the country-side
With birds, the blue sky and the satchel
All in the right company
Like long-lost friends, meeting again
On the primordial soil
Where things naturally exist
And are.

I worry
About people whom I don't know,
Of places I haven't seen.
It is difficult so
Living alone
With just the company of my dear ones.
It is difficult so
Knowing little
But just a place,
My native place.

So I leave people behind
Disputing
And away I go
From the beaten track
Knowing
This alone wouldn't do.

The shepherd seen going back home when the twilight breaks in the western skies

I will drink it to the hilt.
Saki, replenish my cup
As much as you can,
Help me fight the Reality of the world.
Saki, I am at your door-step
Almost begging.
Help me escape
This confounding arena.

Pour it to the hilt
It is not for me this —
This living the tottering man.
Take me where I actually belong
Where the logical 'Me'
Becomes the illogical soothsayer,
Where I ridicule the sounds of the sensible.
Pour it to the hilt,
This is not for me, this fantastic tale.

Not that what I say
Is the actual truth.
Because what I say is only one amongst its many-
sided reflections,
Because I am addressee and not the addressor
Of this tell-tale machine.
That's why I demand Saki —
Pour it to the hilt,
And make me a downright
Drunk tonight.

And help me
Wend my way back home
Because it has been a hard day's toil.
The sun is about to set
And here I have been in the woods too late,
And mother must be waiting
Since it is just about time
To light the evening hearth
And I must get moving
Before it gets too dark to-night.

THREE
PROSAIC
INTRUSIONS

THREE
PROSODY
INTRUSIONS

Brief Encounter

INSIDER

This is planet earth
And since we can 'think'
We have given a word
To a thought we don't always understand.
Yes, do not be confused:
We are talking of God.

OUTSIDER

Yes, I have heard that.
I guess it is the spoken word of the enlightened,
The initiated,
Or those who fear or even love
The 'greater than man'
Or perhaps the greatest.
But if I am not too inquisitive,
What do 'they' think he is like?

INSIDER

You will agree,
We cannot help but see him
With limbs, head and a heart —
Things we all have
Things we have been
Since we opened eyes.

Amongst ourselves there's a difference:
Some are men and some women;
And so, some are gods and some goddesses.
To see him in flesh and bones wasn't enough,
Not even very helpful either
Because the need arose
To see him in substances
In which men are not made.

Yet he bore a likeness
To a fellow in the street
The only difference being,
The spoken word God was decked in blue flesh
Or had four hands
And sometimes a third eye
Which to some
Added meaning to that conception
Which sowed its seeds
In different people in a different way.

A sculptor chiselled a stone
And inscribed the 'spoken word'
Carved out a face
And declared it the likeness
Of what he gathered of Him the God;
The one he couldn't understand
But what he could only speak of.

Then there are the ones
Who repudiate drawing pictures of the unpicturable
And seek Him in the hidden recesses of the sky above,
Or, those who find an answer
In the song of their heart
Resonating in love
Stretched to the infinite

And others who are aware of the futility of thought
Concluded that men can at best
Function in ways
Most natural and convenient
Ordained under ordinances
Made irrefutable
Declared as revelations of the divine,
Protected in the cloister of the sacred
To ensure obedience and order
Against the mutable,
The inconsistent man.

OUTSIDER

We do not share a medium
Common enough to communicate
To translate
What either has to say.
But we shall try.

Yes, do you see
That I am not made of a substance
Which you think
You can touch, feel and hold,
A column of bright light, at best
Green in colour,
But what is green I do not know.
This is what you see. You say.
But what is common to both
You and us, is
The pursuit of the unpursuable.

Both phantoms of light
Dreamers in space
Neither deathless
Nor unchanging.
I came yesterday
But you say
It has been a year, since.
And I do not know what you mean.

We travel within the territory of many Suns
Which for you is very long in time
For us which is but a short vacation.
But we do know
That there are unknown spaces beyond
Known to others
Whom we do not know
And who know us not.
To us the liberated desire
To exist in things
They found themselves between.
And the weak and the ignorant
Try to turn every turnable stone
And enquire, and search.
This is how we are made.

Understand me, if you can.
The enlightened amongst us are those
Who can abandon the search
And not look for aims
But function:
Abide to movements
That emerge from within
And are their part.
The God-like amongst us;
They can feel and probably are
As good as sand or stone,
They say.

The whimsical and the weak are
The ones who cannot but help
Try pervade in the all-pervading.
These are useless distractions,
Symptoms of the profane,
Traps of the mundane.
So is it declared by the refined
By the austere
Who have freed themselves
From the shackles of thought, wisdom and knowledge.
And so in eternal ignorance
They choose to stay
Steadfast in conviction,
Untempted to investigate
The mystery and the confusion.
And do at best
Fight the deluge and the drought
And 'live' just
As far as they can.

INSIDER

This that you who are liberated abide by
Are not they laws
Ascribed to a source
That make them see as they are?
All these precepts
That they be available to all,
Are they not shown to emerge
From a mightier cause
Conceived as a fountain of existence and power
Such which your mind could stretch to its farthest limit,
To provide you solace and aim
Among the confusing ways around
Or at worst,
Play yourselves into a game
And keep you occupied all the same.

OUTSIDER

There is a flaw in your reason
As in mine
For a reason which you cannot know.
Unless or like
You come to my village
And unlearn your ways, and learn mine
And see if your logic stands
Where it stood before.

My conceptions,
Not as solid as I was made to know,
Shattered with the first light of your sun
Into ash and origin,
Then into the void which hither comes.
What to you is of the other-world
Is much mundane to us.
So most take to the lure of the spirit
As you do to the lure of the material.

Each is the immediate of either of us,
Each to each
A seeming reality,
To each a diamond
Which each cuts
Differently but quite parallel
To either's angle
Which is not the same.
Of what we act and react
Is laid a pattern written
In the seed from which we grow.
Nothing is as dark to us
As is the light of a hundred suns.

So we don't look for a torch-light
To lead our team in the dark.
Our saints love the dark,
They are the vagrants of the dark.

Each to his own order
Each to his own rule.
We don't look for the mightier cause,
The original source.
We know the river. Even why and wherefrom it flows.
But into what it does
It is not known,
No, it is not known.

Mastan, the Man. — An Episode

STAGE

Enter: Mastan the Man. He bangs the door hard,
fixed with a name-plate reading : *The God*

MASTAN: (Knocking at the door furiously)

Gods open up:

This is Mastan the Man.

Stand up Gods

Face if you dare

The fury of Man.

Gods, I will catch you on the wrong foot,

Your play must cease,

Your dictates must die

And the canards you spread must shatte

In the very fire you made us burn.

VOICE

The God awakens inside and remembers His
own name and with it the gods deep inside
like lotus petals unrurl and realise the dream
of that which is to us the created world.

And in that dream they hear the persistent knock
on the door and the sound:

"Gods open up:

This is Mastan the Man."

The gods emerge like the tentacles of an octopus;
They *understand*, then whisper among themselves:

GODS

Is this the *revolt* of Man
And is this the trick exposed?
Who dares defy our spell,
Is this the uprising of Man?

MASTAN

Gods stand thou—
Your hide-out is found,
Your spell is spent.
This is the retort of Man
And here at your back
This is Mastan the Man.
Stand the defiance
If you dare
And look, I stand here.
You thrive in the roots of mystery,
You belch through thunder
And the lightning in the skies
Is the twang of your bow.
Is fear the weapon of your land?
Gods, you pry on the helplessness of Man.
Gods, you mock our size
Against the expanse of stars.
Gods, dare you fight an equal battle
In the no-one's arena where I stand?
Gods, open up:
This is *Mastan the Man*.

VOICE

Mastan the Man kicks open the door. The gods run berserk, and just as Mastan the Man filters through, they scatter away like lotus-petals. They occupy their respective positions. They awake from their *Dream*. Mastan the Man is let loose, and the gods are on their guard.

GODS

Come, Mastan the Man,
You have earned a place in the Godly land.
This is the realm of the *Beyond*,
The *Region* beyond your regions.
Come, fall into us,
Into the dream of the gods
And let the world live
Like it lived before.

MASTAN

Listen gods,
Live you where you choose to do
And here I will stay
And here I belong.
In our death alone
Our salvation lies,
In our birth always
a search begins.

Gods, vacate your benches.
We will manage our affairs alone,
You contradict the truth
By the battles we fight
By the swords we draw
For you gods
The Feudal Lords.
Gods, my inconsistent Lords
Hear the ecstasy of the guns,
The sound of the battle-drums.

Gods, your sermons
Are lost in the wilds.

God of gods

Brief your Lords before they come.

VOICE

The gods are shaken. This is the great moment.

They waver, they wonder.

Hear you to-day, even the gods are *unsure*.

STAGE

The gods retreat and are drawn slowly into the

God of gods. The gods start probing

the eternal *dream*. And then a voice is heard.

VOICE

Hear thou, Mastan the Man,

Your spell is broken,

The *charm* has failed

You dare question

The greatest *question*.

Yes, the darkest Night

Is the brightest Sun,

The longest hour

Is the shortest moment.

Men or Stones,

You are the Victims

of your own *belief*.

Measured creatures

You start, —You end.

What you hold

Is all that *is*.

Give up your *belief*

And you shall dream

The Eternal Dream.

Men in your *Agony* alone

You atone for your wakefulness.

Gods in Heavens above

And you Men below —

This, the Eternal Distance

The final Question

You dare to Question

You, there, — *Mastan the Man*?

MASTAN

In what we cannot see and do not know,
In what we fail to have and cannot feel
Lies the secret of your Factness,
Gods, in our weakness alone
Your kingdom shines.
There is nothing beyond the horizons of your vision.
We are soldiers in our own realm,
Fighters to the core,
We dwell in the vast
Oceans of our own.

The Promise of the stars is a farce,
The facts here are the only facts.
Live our lives, gods
And you will dispel the Promise of the
Heavens as a myth.

There is valour in the suffering of a Life-time,
There is a Truth in every pain,
In every moment of every life.

Greatest Lords and foolish masters,
Your voices die before they are heard,
Your dictums are carved on rugged rocks,
Each declared in a thousand tongues,
Each proclaiming a greater Lord,
And each pitted against the other.

Gods, your sanctums are held on swords
Consecrated in the blood of the unbelievers,
Served by your holy priests
Who sell you at every moment,
Every day.

Gods, you deserve your priests:
They are your greatest mockers, Lords
Their hymns are curses hurled at you,
Your idols are your effigies, gods.
Come down from your temples
My puny Lords
And we will save you the scourge
Of your divine frauds.

VOICE

There is total darkness now. The question of the questions has been questioned. The spark of infinite human endurance has lighted. And Mastan the Man has become one with the great spectrum of Life and Existence. The subjectivity with which Man views God has been transcended. And there is darkness now. A kind of a total *negation* of that *what is* — (As the lights fade off)

STAGE

The light appears slowly and it falls barely on the abstract figure of the *God-head* and is seen as a projection of Mastan the Man who is kneeling down now.

VOICE

Mastan,
I am the trapped being of your ancient mind,
Colourless, I am coloured
In the shades of your own palette.
I am your slave and your saviour.
You use me as you choose to do.
God is thine convenience, Man.
What you understand as of experience
Is the Law behind,
What follows not the order
Is the ordained then.

Man, you play me into a thousand tunes,
You put me on mountain tops
And stifling rooms.
I am the giant reflection
In the tiny mirrors of your tiny eyes.
In your defiance too
The secret lies,
In protest too you gain the height,
Even a challenge becomes a prayer
when you cease to fear.

GODS (*As God-head*)

We the immortal Lords
Make way for your transient movement,
Make way for the dances you love so much,
Yes, you are the ones decked in paper,
You are the ones who stand on straws
Crying out loud in the silent valley,
Who breathe the flames of the fiery night.
You dispel the fact of your final *end*
In order to live in the moment next.
We the immortal Lords,
Dare we walk on mortal planes
Where death is the end of every road?
And still you stand and walk and go
While we watch you in the passing show.
Yes, It needs courage to be Men
Living, dying and ever multiplying.

VOICE (*Gradually fading*)

Gods you are deposed from your starry kingdom.
Stand thou, Lords
And bow to the spirit of the Mighty Man.

STAGE

The Gods retreat and kneel down before Mastan who
by now has inadvertently stepped into the spot
where the figure *God-head* had stood sometime before.

VOICE

The lights are fading off and darkness enfolds
and diffuses the space as of ever.

A Conversation: fellow to fellow

The entreaty in gestures when words are useful no more:

FIRST FELLOW

Fellow, wake-up
It's time to sing,
I hear the notes leaping,
Reaching out from the distance,
Past the bowels of silence
From the distance
Into the firmament of the endless night.
Fellow, I am compelled to say:
'Pull yourself out
from the game you are in there.'
Fellow, wake-up
It's time to sing

Reconciliation!

SECOND FELLOW

Singer singing in the futile
Wake-up from the drink
That does not last,
Wake-up from the plaything
That is your mind.
Wake-up you
Wake-up to sleep
And don't you rise

In the midst of the night
 When it is but time to sleep
 And time to die
 Thoughtless and resigned
 In the compelling mischief
 That is our life.
 This slumber
 That alone is ours.
 Even I got sozzled once
 In the spectre of our slumber.
 When I beheld it first
 I ripped the moment asunder
 When a transcending laughter
 Thundered then ricocheted
 Through the columns of the sky.
 Life wasn't a serious affair.
 We were strangers to our scene,
 All pedlars,
 voyagers to the *El Dorado*.
 But Singer singing in the futile,
 Sleep now
 This does not last.

The deluge of the total:

FIRST FELLOW

Like splinters go past usually unseen
 In the hurricane at the seas,
 I will go past like a mouse
 Through the mighty lengths of this Hall
 (*Who's, I do not know*)
 But would it matter, anyway?
 We are all
 Big and small,
 The sinner and the saint
 Comrades in the bottom of this *Abyss*,

The intrigue of events —
That is our world.
Fellow, I know what you mean —
This scenario seems the surest scene,
I understand what you say
To say:
Fellow sleep now
This does not last.
But listen:
It's time to sing.
To hear the notes leaping
Reaching out from the distance
And time to drill tiny holes
In the firmament of the endless night.

And now that the song drones
Into a quaint question,
And now that the laughter of the skies gets louder,
Fellow, you are right
May be it's time to sleep,
Time to live and time to die
And time to join the melee of the dice
We found ourselves in.
Since you are so inclined to dream
The natural and the sensible
Fellow, maybe then
It's time for bed.

PHO *Chapman*
Chapman - *de*
- 406375640

